



were unfolded, the auctioneer's rostrum was prepared, catalogues of the sale were piled up ready for distribution, and merry men in shirt sleeves—for the weather was hot—having got through the preliminary arrangements, had seated themselves on drawing-room chairs, and were refreshing themselves, hands and faces unwashed, with bread and cheese, and heavy draughts of porter, from the next public-house. It was all natural. Men must eat and drink as well as work; and in the daily duties of life—though those duties may be inextricably interwoven with sorrow and loss to others—why, say they, not be cheerful?

The sale commenced, and the auctioneer entered upon his duties with business-like tact and ingenuity. He was a quick salesman, and kept buyers up to the mark, so lot after lot was knocked down with commendable rapidity. Bidders were numerous and respectable, for it was no "put-up" auction sale, and it was known that the late proprietor of the goods which were to be thus dispersed was a man of taste and discernment.

A large number of friends of the family were at the sale, with carefully-marked catalogues. One plethoric gentleman had ticked off certain dozens of wine, which were to be sold in one lot. This gentleman knew Mr. Grafton had been very particular in his wines, having proved them. A younger man had his eye on the drawing-room chairs and tables. He was about to be married, he hoped; and this was a favourable opportunity of completing the furnishing of his new home. A lady and her three daughters were hoping that the grand piano-forte would not be run up too extravagantly. They knew its tone and its cost price, for this was not the first time they had seen it. A gentleman in spectacles was waiting with patient indifference for the library lots. There was "a choice collection of modern works, elegantly bound and in first-rate condition," the catalogue said; and the gentleman knew this as well as any catalogue could tell him. There were prudent lady housekeepers also, who, if they could, would replenish their glass and china, their beds and bedding, their napery and drapery, at their friend Mrs. Grafton's sale; for, since there was to be a sale, they might as well get a bargain as let another have it.

There met, that day, at that auction sale, some who had met in the same rooms at other times; and it was natural for them to talk of those other times, and to say how they pitied poor Mrs. Grafton—and how they wondered what she would do now—and how they blamed Mr. Grafton for living up to his income, and not making any provision for his family—and how Mrs. Grafton would feel the altered circumstances, so used as she had been to a home of luxurious plenty ever since she was married—and how they wondered where she and the children were, now they had left the house. All this was natural enough to say, and it was said very suitably and decently. And then the speakers turned their attention to the auctioneer, for one lot which they did not want was just knocked down, and one which they did was as quickly put up.

There was a couple in the throng, middle-aged and plainly dressed, who looked with grave interest on the proceedings of that day. They, too, had a marked catalogue in hand, and at times the gentle-

man, by look and sign, directed the busy and observant auctioneer. Several small lots were knocked down to them, including a portion of the library, for which they had to battle through a spirited contest with the gentleman in spectacles, after the second-hand booksellers had left off bidding. But they succeeded, and their competitor was angry at his defeat; and then they went away.

The sale was ended at last. The plethoric gentleman rejoiced that he had bought the wines a bargain. The lady and her daughters were disappointed that "the grand," which had cost a hundred pounds and more, was pushed up beyond their twenty guineas, and that they had lost it. Young benedict obtained his drawing-room furniture; but for the most part the materials of that sale were to be seen two days afterwards, ticketed and prominently set forth, at the open shop fronts of various brokers and dealers within a mile of Islington; and the empty, silent house was ready for its next tenant.

And where were the widow and the fatherless? Follow us, reader, a little way out of town, or rather a little nearer to its extreme verge—a short half-hour's walk from the Islington Angel; and enter with us one of a row of houses, neat, prim, and what advertisements would call genteel. They stand back from the road, and a long narrow strip of ground in front, surrounded by iron railings, and filled with stunted shrubs—poor things! and lanky lime-trees with brown and dusty foliage, gives designation to the row: it is the "Grove." The tenants of these houses have mostly business in the city. They have small incomes and large families; and those of them who are very ingenious in contriving to crowd together a considerable number of breathing machines within a very limited space let lodgings. Perhaps, on an average, let the number of legitimate members of the households be what they may, two in every three of the houses in the "Grove" contain first-floor lodgers.

Three months have passed since the death of Mr. Grafton, one since the sale, and nearly two since Mr. Nelson took leave of the poor widow, and departed homeward to his quiet country parish. It was well for Mrs. Grafton that she had had a friend to manage her affairs for her more considerably than the "man of business" would have managed them. It was Mr. Nelson who had sought and found an unfurnished floor at the "Grove," and had plainly but comfortably furnished the rooms from the house in — street. It was he who had paid off the servants their arrears of wages, and quieted the impatience of certain private creditors, who, naturally enough, were desirous of knowing how and when their debts were to be liquidated now that Mr. Grafton was gone, and the *firm*, as they understood, not responsible. It was Mr. Nelson, also, who had listened compassionately to the disconsolate bewailings of the bereaved lady, who, when the earliest deep throbbings of sorrow for her loss were over, shrunk back with dismay and impatience from the first necessary sacrifices which that loss involved, and had borne the half reproach that it was very hard to be driven away so soon from her luxurious home, and have to put up with the scanty accommodations of the lodgings taken for her in the "Grove."

He had also commissioned a friend to attend the sale, and purchase some articles of comfort and luxury for the widow and children, which he himself engaged to pay for; and having performed these and many other offices of disinterested benevolence, besides giving much good counsel and Christian sympathy, and made another effort, unsuccessfully, to induce the former partners of Mr. Grafton to promise some small permanent provision for his family, so as to rescue them from immediate want, he went away sorrowful: he could do no more.

In the only sitting-room of her lodgings in the "Grove" is Mrs. Grafton, pale and haggard: she moves languidly and nervously from chair to sofa, and from sofa to chair: she takes up a strip of muslin which she tries to hem, and then abandons the task, after a few stitches irregularly set, and her eyes fill with tears. Bertie, sad and anxious, is turning over the leaves of a book—one of that lot for which the gentleman in spectacles at the sale was outbid, and because of which he was angry—but Bertie cannot fix himself to reading. Ask him what the book is about, and he could scarcely tell you; his young heart is troubled with many cares and apprehensions. Nevertheless, he sits quietly at the table, and turns over the pages softly; not so softly, however, but that his mother chides him impatiently for the noise he makes; so he shuts up the book at last, and his eyes, too, fill with tears.

It is a fine day; the sunshine streams in at the closely-shut windows; and Bertie's two sisters look out disconsolately on the lanky lime-trees and stunted shrubs, and the dark smoky sparrows, which hop about the ground as merrily as though there were no such things as green fields and hedges and country cousins within half an hour's flight, and who seem so fond of town life that little Harriet is sure they are very silly and ignorant birds. There are nurse-maids, too, with children in arm or hand, drawing by; and children without nurse-maids, seeming happier by many degrees than those who are thus guarded and guided, for they can play as they please without being scolded. And Lotte and Harry whisper together, and wish they might go out this fine morning; and Lotte whispers to Bertie to ask mamma if they may not go for a walk; and Bertie says, "Hush, Lotte dear; you know mamma does not like being left alone;" and so, for the twentieth time since they have been in those dreary lodgings, Bertie's sisters are disappointed, and they must still look out at the window, panting for fresh air and restless for want of employment. They have their sad thoughts too, and remembrances, and childhood's bitter tears.

"A letter, ma'am," a dingy maid-of-all-work announces, and lays the letter on the table before Mrs. Grafton. Her hands are not particularly clean, to be sure; and a thumb-mark is visible on the outer fold. But to Bertie anything is a relief from that painful wearying silence which has reigned, day after day, in that melancholy sitting-room.

"It is from Mr. Nelson, mamma; it is his writing, I am sure," he says, in a natural tone of gladness.

"If it is, Bertie, you needn't speak so loud; you know I cannot bear it: and you ought not to say

before the servant who my letters come from if you are sure," says Mrs. Grafton, fretfully, as she takes up the letter, and then lays it down almost angrily, pointing to the dirty thumb-mark.

"If you please, ma'am"—and a message from Mrs. Davis, the landlady, is about to be given; but the girl is stopped short at the outset. The dirty thumb-mark, the door left open, the abrupt entrance into the room without knocking or notice to the lady, habituated as she had been to punctilious observances of well-paid and not overworked servants, these are fretting grievances, which give poignancy to her heavier afflictions. She does not scold the poor drudge; it is not in her nature to scold; but she complains and remonstrates. Alas! now Mrs. Grafton has much yet to learn before she can say, "tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." In the day of adversity she has not yet learned rightly to consider.

"And that dreadful bird," adds Mrs. Grafton—for the loud shrill piping of a canary below stairs had burst in upon her at the opening of the door; "would Mrs. Davis be so kind as to put it farther away? the noise goes through my head; I cannot bear it."

There is already a feud about this bird. Mrs. Davis has no children, and she lavishes her maternal tenderness on her beautiful canary; she loves to hear it whistling away from morning to night, and she wonders at her lodger for disliking the pleasant, joyous music. Mary feels herself on safe ground here. She may venture to be impertinent, so she tells the lady she had better speak to Mrs. Davis herself about the bird, if the noise disturbs her. The reproach for the dirty thumb-mark, and the open door, and the abrupt entrance, are rankling in her memory, and she has her revenge.

Bertie starts from his seat impetuously. "Mother, I'll go and speak to Mrs. Davis;" and he bursts from the room. His intention, however, is better than his performance. He soon returns, very red in the face; and as Mary, having at length delivered her message relating to dinner, retires, her mistress enters very pale and angry. She wonders what Mrs. Grafton can mean by sending master Bertie to her with a complaint about her bird. She is not going to send the bird away, nor stop its singing. She can't think how anybody can find fault with it. She never had a lodger before that did; and if Mrs. Grafton cannot endure it, she had better find rooms somewhere else, where birds are not kept. For her part, she is not obliged to let lodgings at all, and there's a good deal of trouble with them, especially with ladies who must have everything done for them. And having disburdened herself of this homily, Mrs. Davis leaves the room in great dignity, and throughout the remainder of the day the canary seems to warble more lustily and thrillingly than ever.

It is a day of sorrow and humiliation. It is a hard lesson to learn. Mrs. Grafton—that heart-stricken widow—has heard before now of ruined hopes and blighted prospects, and poverty in a hundred shapes; she has not passed half-way through the allotted span of life without witnessing some such scenes of trouble; it may be that she has spoken, in times past, of the duty of resigna-

tion, and has thought that if she were suddenly plunged into adversity she would know how to be abased as well as she had known how to abound. But this was when her mountain seemed to stand strong, and she thought she should never be moved; but now—now—she is troubled. She begins to find that she must bend to the world which but a little while since bent to her; and these petty annoyances and vexations threaten to be but the beginning of severer troubles. Ah! if Charles Grafton could but have foreseen this—foreseen it when in the heyday of hopeful prosperity, for he did foresee it when foresight was all too late—how different the case might have been! Are there no Charles Graftons to whom the scenes we have ventured to sketch may teach wisdom—if they will receive it?

The trials of that day are not ended. Visitors are announced by the dirty maid-of-all-work; and the door opens to Mrs. Lane and her daughters, who were baulked in their desired purchase of the piano-forte at the sale, and who have since taken the trouble to find out the widow's retreat. It is professedly a visit of condolence, but in reality one of inquisitive and prying curiosity. Perhaps, also, there may be a little mean malignity at the bottom of it all, for "the Graftons always carried themselves quite high enough," Mrs. Lane has been overheard to say; "and 'pride is sure to have a fall.'"

"Mother," says Bertie, indignantly, when the visit is over, "if those people come again, I wouldn't see them if I were you. I wouldn't be insulted again by them. If we are poor now, we haven't begged of them: let them leave us alone."

Ah, Bertie! you, too, have lessons yet to learn—hard, stern, unyielding. Has he the stuff in him out of which men are made—real men? We shall see.

#### PICTURES OF MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA.

AMONG the recollections of our early boyhood there are few that survive with greater vividness than those of the famous naval expedition of lord Exmouth against the piratical states on the northern coasts of Africa. For ages, the ruthless corsairs of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, swarming in the Mediterranean sea and interrupting the pathways of the Atlantic ocean, with their formidable fleets, had been the terror of mariners, the bane of commerce, and the scourge of all contiguous kingdoms. Many attempts, at different periods, had been made, with but temporary and partial success, to exterminate these maritime freebooters, or at least to arrest their career of plunder; and Spain, France, Holland, Naples, the United States, and our own country, each in its turn lavished precious blood and treasure in the effort. They were indeed no easy conquest. At the time of lord Exmouth's attack the Algerines were sheltered behind fortifications which, from their extent and strength, were deemed impregnable. That brave admiral, however, with a fleet which was regarded as altogether disproportionate to the tremendous task before him, speedily demolished these strongholds of rapine and cruelty, and left a mass of ruins such

as had seldom before been seen even in the wasted pathway of war. Paralyzed by this stroke of chastisement, the concessions which had before been insolently refused were now granted; among which was the abolition of Christian slavery for ever, and the release of more than three thousand unhappy captives of various nations.

Notwithstanding this severe blow at their power, the Algerines, true to their ancient reputation, did not long adhere to their extorted promises of amendment. The city was at the earliest possible period placed in a more formidable state of defence than ever, so as to be in a position to defy any of the great European powers whose vengeance its piratical practices might provoke. Our neighbours, the French, happened to be the next aggrieved party. The original cause of hostilities was of long standing. It appears, that so far back as the time of Louis XVI, some Algerine merchants supplied the French government with a large quantity of corn from the province of Constantina, payment for which had been deferred from reign to reign—one dynasty after another repudiating the liabilities of its predecessors. The matter was still in dispute when the Bourbons returned to the throne of France, and it was at last decided that the debt should be compounded for by the payment of 560,000*l.* This award being by no means satisfactory to the dey, a system of annoyances and reprisals was commenced against the trade of France. Shortly afterwards, too, during one of the *fêtes* of the Bairam, when it was customary for the grand functionaries to pay their respects to Hussein Dey, some mutually irritating insults were bandied between the latter and the French consul, which led to the recall of that functionary, and the declaration of war against Algiers. After an ineffectual blockade of more than a year, at a cost of nearly a million sterling, hostilities on a more formidable scale were resolved on; in the prosecution of which a large armament under admiral Duperre, and a land force of upwards of 30,000 soldiers under general Bourmont, then minister at war, sailed from Toulon on the 25th of May, 1830.

Thus originated that fearful struggle between civilized France, backed by its vast military genius and resources, and the semi-barbarous tribes of Africa, strong in their chivalric valour, their wild enthusiasm, and their hereditary and passionate love of liberty—a conflict that raged for more than twenty years, with savage ferocity and awful carnage, and at a sacrifice of treasure probably without precedent in the history of conquest. If we want to see war in all its horrors, we have only to turn to the plains, the ravines, and the mountains of Algeria. There the desolating demon has taken up his abode; perpetual hostilities and sanguinary conflicts having for nearly a quarter of a century become the chronic condition of the "colony."

It is well known that the military operations and colonizing schemes carried on in Algeria occupy a considerable space in the journals and literature of France, which, considering that this *aceldama* is her only colony of importance, is not a matter of much surprise. One of the most recent works on this subject, entitled "MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA," by the Count P. de Castellane, has just been translated and presented to the English



public.\* These two volumes, although abounding with faults in structure and style, and thoroughly imbued, as was to be expected, with the military spirit, afford us considerable insight into the wild, hazardous, feverish, desperate, and reckless life which the author aims at depicting from personal observation and experience. If we venture to collect and arrange a few of these scattered and snatchy pictures for the contemplation of our peace-loving readers, it is not from any love of the scenes themselves or with any fear that they will inspire admiration, but rather with the hope that they may foster in us a deeper hatred of that war spirit which inflicts upon humanity such terrible sufferings.

At the period of the count's first arrival, in 1843, the city of Algiers was reposing in tranquil beauty and in seeming prosperity along the hill-side on which it is built. While the listlessness and gravity of the Mussulman race had taken refuge in the upper quarters, where the labyrinthine streets are so narrow that two persons find it difficult to walk abreast, the lower city was astir with all the signs of European life and activity, and a bustling crowd of the most motley description was seen hurrying in all directions. The scene of war was far beyond the walls of the city. The capital and the principal towns of the provinces lay beneath the shadow of the flag of France; but beyond the range of the cannon or the musket, the open country generally was still in the possession of the warlike Arab tribes, led on by their redoubtable chieftain, Abd-el-Kader. The count was impatient to find himself among the camps of the interior, and longed for the changeful and perilous excitements of the bivouac. There is something terrible, almost demoniacal sometimes, in the eager ardour and zest with which the French soldier is represented as panting for the work of combat and slaughter.

On leaving Algiers, Castellane proceeded to Blidah, the temporary head-quarters of general Changarnier. This little city, known among the Arabs, from the extreme beauty of its surroundings, as "the little rose," is gracefully situated in the midst of orange groves, whose perfumes betray its locality to the stranger long before he arrives at it. Here the celebrated general occupied a very modest abode, fitted up in a Spartan-like style, and where his hospitality always afforded a welcome to travellers. The count was received with great kindness, and was treated as a personal friend from the moment he had crossed the threshold. He found, to his delight, that the general was on the eve of setting out on the expeditions in which the count was to accompany him, so that from the period of his arrival at Blidah our author's time was chiefly spent in preparing for an early departure.

We need hardly remind our readers, that in Algerian warfare there are no great battles fought between the collected forces of the two belligerent parties, the issue of which seals the fate of the country, and decides in whom the sovereignty is to be vested. The war consists rather of a perpetual campaign of skirmishings—a succession of exterminating expeditions—a series of stealthy

marches and surprises. This arises from the nomade condition of the inhabitants and the nature of their ambushes and strongholds. The favourite mode of operation against this floating and fugitive population is by *razzias* upon their corn and cattle, in which their resources almost entirely consist. The Count de Castellane thus attempts to extenuate and justify the practice:—"The African *razzia*," he says, "which has been such a fertile theme for the declamation of great orators, which has been called *organized robbery*, what is it but simply a repetition of what takes place in Europe under another name? In Europe, when once masters of one or two great centres, a whole country is yours. But in Africa it is different; for how can one get hold of a population which has no fixed residences, and which is attached only to particular places for a season by its movable pickets and tents? What force, what punishments, what invasion can conquer men without cities and without houses, who, like the Scythians, carry their whole property with them? There is no means of doing it, but by taking away from them the corn that feeds and the flocks that clothe them. Hence the war against grain and cattle—the *razzia*."

This passage, however, does not contain the whole of the dreadful truth; some of the worst features of the practice are omitted. Besides plundering the property of their prey, the assailants usually endeavour to kill all the male portion of the tribe that come within their power, to burn and destroy whatever cannot be removed, and carry off the women and children as prisoners. No party of Indian Mohawks could plan and execute these expeditions with more secrecy, cunning, and swiftness than the well-seasoned French soldiers.

But let us look upon some of these nocturnal surprises. Here is a brief description of one, with the precautions enforced to prevent their approach being detected by the vigilant Arabs. "At two o'clock in the morning the party was to be under arms, and on their route immediately afterwards. Before their departure, the following instructions were given to the officers commanding companies composing the first column. 'Absolute silence. Coughs to be smothered in the folds of a turban. No pipes. Shots on the march not to be returned; silence to be more strictly kept in case any should be heard, and pace quickened. The first object, to take prisoners; kill only at the last extremity. After prisoners, the capture of cattle is most important.' The *razzia* succeeded beyond all hope. It seemed for a moment, however, to have failed. Our guide either lost his way or deceived us. Just as we were about to shoot him for his mistake, or rather for his treason, we fell upon a peopled district; and, thanks to the measures taken by our commandant, we made, despite our small number, considerable captures. At eight o'clock in the morning we rejoined the colonel, bringing with us thirty-four prisoners, 117 oxen, ten horses, mules, thirty asses, and 1500 sheep and goats, having killed besides about twenty Arabs. There was abundance for three months. Joy was on all faces, and our ordinary dinner became a festival."

Take another example of these midnight maraudings and mournful aggressions upon unarmed people, in which the shades of the picture are of a darker

\* London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

and more lurid hue. "At half-past eleven the men, roused out of their sleep, were under arms. Five hundred picked infantry without knapsacks, some troops of cavalry, and the goum (irregular Arab cavalry), composed the force, which at break of day was to fall upon the insurgents. The most perfect order, the profoundest silence, were observed during the march. As the morning twilight came on we had reached that part of the country where the enemy had taken refuge; and our soldiers could already distinguish their tents in the valley and on the slopes of the hills. The surprise had a perfect success. The instant before the soldiers could hardly put one foot before another; they were now ready for a ten hours' hunt without thinking of fatigue. Orders were rapidly given. The only outlet through which the Arabs could escape was shut up. . . . The first *douars* were soon reached, when cries of alarm and shrieks of terror filled the air, and shots were rapidly exchanged, and the whole valley was in a state of panic, men, women, and children rushing to the sole issue whence they could escape. There they found the chasseurs and goum. On this spot the hissing and whizzing of balls was for awhile incessant, and great numbers were cut down by the sabres of the chasseurs. *A hundred and fifty bodies were in a few minutes strewn over the ground.* Flocks, women, and children, with some Kabyles, were driven back in the direction of the infantry, and the whole razzia was soon assembled in the centre of the valley."

It would be strange indeed if, even in connection with scenes of rapine and carnage like these, some relents of humanity and touches of tenderness did not occasionally appear, to show that the hearts of the men thus employed are not utterly petrified against every appeal of suffering and anguish. Many such redeeming gleams of feeling shine out from the midst of the sickening and harrowing details of these volumes. An example is related as occurring after the sanguinary onslaught just referred to. Among the prisoners was an interesting little girl of between five and six years of age, whose mother had just been shot and her father killed by the sabre of a chasseur. Thus suddenly orphaned, and left alone and unprotected in the world, the poor child was walking along in dreary loneliness and terror, large tears falling from her eyes. A rough serjeant softened towards her, and being able to speak a few Arab words, tried to console her. He carried her awhile on his back, and as soon as a mounted chasseur passed by, confided her to his care, that she might finish the march without fatigue. On arriving at the bivouac, she was quite fêted. The surgeon sought her out, doctored her foot, and took every possible care of her. In a short time the good-humour and drolleries of the little creature made her the darling of the whole company. At length the captain resolved to adopt her. Having a married sister in France, who had no children, he in the following year, on his return, took the child with him, where, as usual, she delighted every one. She was sent to school and received an excellent education, and at the time our author wrote was growing up into a beautiful and accomplished girl.

As another illustration of the politic mercy that

tempers these revolting and scathing severities, we ought in justice to mention, on the testimony of our author, that in these razzias the French are accustomed to put aside a certain number of oxen, sheep, and horses, which are afterwards returned to the principal families of the conquered tribe. By means of the succour thus afforded, owing to the feudal relations subsisting between the chief and the subordinate families, the whole tribe participates in the gift, and is preserved from destruction.

Sometimes, when provisions were getting short in the French camp, companies were sent out to discover and carry off grain from the subterranean granaries in which the Arabs conceal and garner it. On these occasions the assistance of the friendly tribes was generally secured, old men, women, and children joining the foraging party, with wretched little donkeys and mules, and woollen sacks. The mode of proceeding in these enterprises is thus described by the Count de Castellane: "Having reached the place where pits were known to be, the ground was sounded by ramrods, and as soon as any spot partially sank or gave way, or felt hollow, the spade was resorted to, and an aperture soon effected through which a man might slip, who usually found corn and barley in abundance. In every tribe the same family make these pits, as they are thought to have preserved by tradition from their fathers the particular art of doing so. The soldiers took great pleasure in these expeditions. The fortunate discoverer of a pit received as a reward ten francs. The soldier who went first into the aperture was obliged to fill the sacks in a stooping position; when, the pit being widened, his comrades helped him; and when they came out from underground they were covered with sweat, dust, and dirt, but were as happy as possible; for they knew well the great importance of keeping their horses in good condition."

An extraordinary amount of vigilance was necessary to be observed by the French soldier, in order that he might guard against midnight surprises from his foe. "Passing the night on guard," says our author, "awakens only the idea of a certain number of men sleeping at two or three hundred paces distance, with a small band in advance, one of whom walks up and down with a musket on his shoulder." It is thus we are represented in the theatres at Paris; but in Africa the night guards are as unlike this picture as possible. No one sleeps; every one watches. If the rain falls, if the north wind blows ice in your face, there must be no fire to warm the limbs fatigued by the day's march. A fire might betray the post. Every one must be on the alert constantly, close to his arms; and those who are on sentry, crouching like wild beasts among the bushes, spying out the slightest movement, listening to catch the slightest sound, are all glad to do this to keep their eyes, heavy with sleep, from closing. The safety of all may depend on their wakefulness. Further, should the enemy attack, no firing; the bayonet is for defence; no false alarms; the sleep of the bivouac must on no account be disturbed. Such is the point of honour."

It was not always that the French columns, with all their tiger-like stealthiness and night-shrouded

marchings, were able to surprise the wary tribes. Generally their progress through the territories of the hostile clans was most fiercely and stubbornly contested, foot by foot; and when the invaders had to pass through wooded ravines, or along exposed mountain ledges, the disturbed Arabs hovered like flocks of vultures around their path, and shot them down by hundreds. Take a glance at one scene detached from this panorama of horrors: it is the account of a desperate contest that raged for three days, with scarcely any intermission, while the French were defiling through the fearful ravines of Oned Foddha. "Perpendicular shelves of rock overhung the bed of the river, surrounded by majestic trees; the company of carbiniers of the Chasseurs d'Orleans was ordered to carry these rocks. Full of ardour, they sprang forward; but the declivities were fearful, and eight days' provisions are no trifling load. M. Ricot, their lieutenant, who had rushed forward without troubling himself as to whether he was followed or not, was the first to reach the plateau. He was immediately struck by two bullets in the chest; lieutenant Martin and two carbiniers hastened to protect him, but were killed on the spot. M. Rouffiat, the last of their officers remaining, advanced to their assistance, but was stopped by a frightful wound. The company was now without officers, an avalanche of bullets was showering down on them, and not a head or guide of any sort to direct them. At last the carbiniers were brought back, bearing away with difficulty M. Martin, who still breathed. As for the remainder, they were torn to pieces before the eyes of the column, amidst the savage shouts of the Kabyles." War! war! how dreadful are thy horrors, as shown in such a picture as this!

Nothing, it appears, tended to exasperate the French soldiers so much as the mutilation and profanation of the remains of the fallen. They willingly and daringly risked their lives in the cause for which they fought, but the idea of having their corpses dishonoured filled them with fury, and often, after beholding such spectacles, extorted from them mutual pledges to give no quarter to the Arabs. To avoid falling into their hands, therefore, all sorts of stratagems and precautions were adopted to dispose of their dead. Sometimes they were buried in a deep grave in the interior of some deserted Arab house, after which the building was fired to conceal the newly-disturbed earth; sometimes they were placed in the sepulchres of the country; while, on one occasion, a detachment of sappers and miners was employed to dam and drain a river, and dig a deep hollow in its bed, where the slain of some recent conflict were sorrowfully deposited. From the same motive, the wounded were always carefully guarded and borne away from the scene of contest, though often at great cost of life. Tied in little iron chairs, they were suspended to the sides of mules, or, where amputation had taken place, were stretched on litters composed of branches of trees; and as they thus travelled over rough paths and down steep declivities, shaken at every step of their bearers, they endured excruciating agonies, though generally with a brave uncomplaining patience.

Such are a few glimpses of military life in Algeria, while on the march, which, indeed, until

recently, constituted the rule and not the exception in the history of French occupation. But little time was spent in garrison; nor, according to the count, had the soldiers much relish for a mode of life so dull and insipid. Their delight was to be prowling about the land in quest of prey and excitement. Efforts, however, have been made by the military authorities to relieve the tedium of life at the outposts. Among other measures of a commendable character is the formation of military libraries, consisting of about 400 volumes each, and embracing works on science, history, literature, and the fine arts, mingled with productions of a more popular class. The effect of this provision upon the habits and tastes of the soldiers is said to be of the happiest kind; not only filling up profitably much of the leisure time at their disposal, but also, in many cases, leading to the cultivation of studious habits and preserving from low and grovelling pursuits. We recognise with pleasure, also, the attachment which the soldiers had to some of the dumb animals of their convoy. A donkey, captured from the Arabs at the battle of Isly, was an especial favourite: he had so droll a physiognomy that the whole column knew, loved, and caressed him. A great red bow of riband adorned his head, and he was always at the head of his convoy, as he could not bear to be passed by another. There was also, we are informed, not a single troop or company where there was not some pet dog fondled like a child. A little one, called *Tic Tac*, seems to have been a special favourite. "Never," says the count, "did I see so charming a little brute: its tricks and drolleries had no end. On a long march, the tiny animal would bark and bark, and so effectually louden its little voice, that some trooper would at last stretch down his foot, and in two bounds *Tic Tac* would be in front of his saddle, triumphing with most impertinent aristocratic barks, quite at his ease, over the poor infantry dogs pattering with weary feet and lolling tongues along the dusty or muddy roads. If neglected in the distribution of provisions, he would place himself before the distributor, in the attitude of a soldier presenting arms, and it was impossible to resist his grimaces. Every one gave a bit of his biscuit to *Tic Tac*."

No palliatives can blind us, however, to the enormous evils and wrongs inflicted upon the distracted and bleeding country, to which this volume relates; nor have we ever heard any arguments which have satisfied us of the wisdom and policy, to say nothing of the right, of France in attempting to retain this most unprofitable colony. Many of her wisest and most patriotic statesmen and publicists have pronounced against its continued occupation. The prodigious cost incurred during nearly a quarter of a century is never likely to be repaid by any corresponding advantages. The sacrifice of life, too, has been enormous. According to an estimate made in 1845, by count St. Marie, France had lost during fifteen years, by sickness and warfare, not fewer than 547,500 men from the flower of the nation. In the same period, the same writer calculates that the ordinary expenses of the military and civil service, above what would be incurred if the army were in France, have amounted to 150 millions of francs, which however, after all, he says, only represent about

one-fourth of the enormous sums actually expended on the colony. The commercial set-off against this drain on the resources of the mother country is a mere bagatelle. Yet all this sacrifice of life and money was endured, in order to retain a manœuvring field for a huge army, and to provide a ready outlet for troublesome and dangerous men, who here found a field for their energies, and most frequently a premature grave.

#### THE JAPANESE DEPARTMENT IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

In these days of rapid transit, when time and space seem almost annihilated, and distant countries are brought so near that the merest child amongst us knows more of the geography of India or China than the most erudite of our fathers could boast of knowing of the sister kingdom a few centuries ago, there are few spots in the world that have remained unexplored by the Saxon race. To the north-east of the Chinese empire, however, there lies a long range of islands, inhabited by a people interesting from their antiquity, their morality, and the high degree of perfection to which they have carried many branches of manufacture, but from whose shores other nations are so jealously excluded, that comparatively little is known respecting them. Probably, the youngest of our readers will anticipate us, and say that we refer to the Japanese empire.

An exhibition of articles from this country has been, of course, a thing hitherto unknown to us; and it was, therefore, with feelings of deep interest that we recently, on a visit to Dublin, directed our steps to that part of its exhibition which contains the unique collection contributed by the government of the Netherlands. Holland, as most of our readers are aware, possesses the privilege, denied to other countries, of sending annually a few articles of commerce to this exclusive island; hence its opportunities of collecting the objects now under our examination.

The contiguity of Japan to the Chinese empire will suggest the supposition that there must be a great similarity in the character and style of the manufactures of the two nations; and this is strikingly the case. The first object that meets the eye upon entering is a large case, essentially of a Chinese character, containing some beautiful specimens of crape shawls, exquisitely carved chessmen, large fans made with feathers from the wings of the Argus pheasants, some rice paper paintings, and some of the elaborately-carved perforated concentric balls, which have for so long a time puzzled the curious, but which Mr. Sirr, in his work on China, tells us are formed in separate parts, and afterwards joined with a very strong cement, the edges being first shaved down to less than the thickness of paper.

Another case contains a variety of articles, less beautiful perhaps, but more curious than the one just mentioned, because more rare. These are dresses of various kinds, in crape and silk, while some are richly embroidered in gold; besides these, are packs of cards, banners and drums, models of birds and animals, musical instruments, and arms. The latter are the more interesting, from the fact

that the exportation of arms of any kind from Japan is punished with death.

Between the two cases containing the above-mentioned specimens stands a grotesque-looking figure, representing, as the catalogue informs us, a Japanese hero of the size of life, clad in complete armour, very Chinese in the shape of his eyes and the general character of his face, and of a delicately-fair complexion; a circumstance which strikes us as somewhat singular, since geographers represent the natives of Japan as a tawny race: yet the Chinese exactness of the other objects in the collection would lead one to suppose that the figure before us was intended as a faithful copy in all points.

Another case, contiguous to the others, contains a beautifully-japanned cabinet of *papier mâché*, inlaid with pearl in various grotesque figures, the top of which is open, fitted up like the interior of a temple, and so strikingly similar in almost every respect to the modern Roman Catholic chapels, that it might be intended for one of them. There is the altar, with its carving and gilding, its tall candlesticks and small ornamented vessels, even to the censor-pot, the priest standing with bowed head on the steps of the altar. The open and tall structures, too, at the sides of the temple, might well pass for confessional boxes. Nearly the whole interior is a mass of carving and gilding, and it has the same appearance of glitter and show that is exhibited in the modern temples of Roman Catholicism, to catch the eye and please the fancy of its votaries. Were it not that we have read a description of Japanese worship, we should have been tempted to believe that the model before us really represented one of the Romish chapels established in that country in the days of Xavier.

The following extract will explain this fact, as well as account for the rapid progress which Christianity, so called, made on its first introduction in Japan:—"The mission of the Jesuits was for a time singularly successful. There were two circumstances which greatly facilitated this success: one was, that the sick, the poor, and the infirm were held by the native priests to be accursed; poverty, infirmity, and sickness were pronounced a curse, and their victims accursed by the god of Japanese mythology; therefore, when the Jesuits preached the love, and the benevolence, and the charities of the gospel, the whole of that class of the population at once rushed into the arms of the church. But, besides this, there was another facilitating cause: the religion of Japan had many analogies with the religion of Rome: the divinities of the Japanese comprehended a mother and son, precisely answering to Mary and Jesus; so precisely, that Francis Xavier mentioned that when he arrived at Japan, and was present at the royal court, he sent a little picture of the Virgin and Child to the emperor. The moment the emperor received it he kissed it in a passion of devotion before all his court, imagining that it was a picture of his own cherished divinities! But, besides this, the priests of those divinities in Japan were 'forbidden to marry'; celibacy was established amongst them. They had a conventual system—convents of unmarried men, and nunneries of unmarried women; and they had religious processions, and lighted candles, and smoking incense—all precisely



as in the church of Rome; and with so many and so curious affinities in the two religions, able and adroit men like the Jesuits found but little difficulty in persuading the simple Japanese that the two religions were, after all, but one and the same. They endeavoured to persuade them of this, and they found many and great facilities, and had but little difficulty in changing the names of their divinities into Mary and Jesus; and then, with a little reforming of their monasteries and nunneries, and slightly changing their religious processions, and cautiously re-modelling or re-casting some of their principles, they left the Japanese with the name indeed of Christianity, but with all the reality of their ancient mythology."

In the same case that contains the cabinet to which we have now referred are several books, illustrated with coloured wood-engravings; and we mention this fact, because they do not appear to be coloured after printing, and the art of printing in more than one colour is of comparatively recent date with us. A well-executed map of Japan, and a neatly japanned compass, complete the list of the most interesting of the articles in this part of the room. The other side contains a variety too numerous to particularize; but among which are specimens of japanned basket-ware, in cups, trays, etc., peculiar to the East, the manufacture of which is too well known to need any description here. A large and beautifully neat model of a Sinto temple is one of the first things that catches the attention; and, amongst other objects of interest, we noticed a case containing a fount of wooden types and a number of the oval-shaped gold and silver coins of the country, with specimens also of its paper-money. The exportation of money in any shape is punishable with death, and the Dutch are obliged to barter the articles in which they trade, with the inhabitants, for whatever commodities they choose to bring in exchange. The same prohibition also exists with regard to maps. We noticed three curious lacquered portraits, of Frederick the Second, Milton, and Boerhaave, copied from European drawings or engravings.

Amongst such a variety of objects, it may well be imagined that a long morning passed quickly and agreeably away. There are, it is true, many articles in the collection crude and singular enough in design and execution to excite a smile; but at the same time there is much that is humbling to us as a civilized nation. We are rather too given to speak and think of the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere as if they were not more advanced in knowledge than mere children; but we may learn some important and useful truths in this Japanese room. The imitation of the beautiful crape shawls, that bear so high a value with us, has been in vain attempted by the weavers of this country. Printing, that noble art to which much if not all the intelligence and greatness of the British nation is owing, was not known in Europe until the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The Chinese boast of having practised it for ages, and possess indubitable proofs of having been acquainted with it some centuries before us. Our ships are seen in every part of the known world, carrying our manufactures to distant lands, and thus daily increasing the wealth and power of our country, and sustaining its influence amongst the nations. But what

would become of all this without that little instrument, the compass? Here, again, our eastern neighbours were before us; and it is probable that both those Europeans, who so fiercely disputed the honour of its invention, borrowed it from the Chinese, who profess to have used it in the navigation of their seas from time immemorial. At the same time, we cannot look narrowly into the manufactures of Japan without perceiving that they are the productions of a people shut up within themselves. There is, in almost every article, the most careful finish, the most elaborate execution in the minutest details; but there is, also, an entire absence of that boldness of outline and freedom of thought which characterize the productions of nations enjoying unrestricted intercourse with their fellow-men. We must, however, except from this sweeping criticism two small candelabra, that are so unlike everything else in the collection, that we are tempted to believe them to be the production of some other country: they represent storks, bearing a floral candlestick on their shoulders, and are more Indian than Japanese in their character.

## BANKS OF THE THAMES.

### IV.—RICHMOND.

WE shall never forget rowing from Westminster Bridge to Richmond, some three-and-twenty summers since, with a party of college friends. It was a bright and joyous day; the Thames was not so familiar to us then as it has since become, and, as we attained the successive reaches of the majestic stream, we pulled on with eager curiosity to turn round and watch the increasing distinctness of tree-clumps and woods, gardens and parks, villas and towns, churches and bridges, that lay a-head. Very unmistakably did the beauty of the scene grow richer as we came to Kew, and as we passed the mansion of the duke of Northumberland; but the crown and glory of the whole was the prospect we had of Richmond, as our arms and hands, unaccustomed to the toil, had pretty well become incapacitated for further effort in that way, from a very perceptible increase of aches and blisters. Still the view was an ample repayment. We have since seen many beautiful river pictures on the Wye and the Dee, the Tyne and the Trent, the Seine and the Rhine; but of the kind we know nothing to match the Thames at Richmond as we saw it then. How pleasantly the buildings of the town skirted the river on the one side, and the emerald meads of Twickenham the other! How gracefully the bridge spanned the waters! What beautiful glimpses of lawn and garden were caught through the arches, like exquisite vignettes on one of nature's title-pages, promising more beautiful thoughts when the leaf should be turned over! How majestically rose the wooded hill above, enticing us through the arch of the bridge, under which we swept along till we landed higher up the river in one of the meadows of Ham. The rambles about the woods, the ascent of the hill, and the prospect thence—all fresh with novelty, and appealing to the sanguine temperament of youth, and evoking all the warm poetic sentimentalism of life's rich spring-time—how it all lives in the memory still, amidst feelings mellowed but not

weakened by later years, making a most genial and happy history of that day, from the hour when the sun left the morning land till he reached the evening land, as the Germans, with their fine instinct for poetic appellations, call, in common talk, the east and west.

The hill and the park stand chief amongst the natural beauties of the neighbourhood. The latter would take us too far from the banks of the river, by which we are pledged to stay, and therefore our notices must be confined to the former, which has certainly the pre-eminence. Well, sit down for a moment and look at the prospect, and then look and look again. Of course the winding slip of silver on that broad sheet of many-tinted green first strikes you. The river threads together all the beauties of the prospect, and gives it unity. But mark as well "the pendant woods that nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat, and sloping thence to Ham's embowering glades;" and then, yonder, the Twickenham bowers; and then, the softly swelling hills, and the long cultivated tract which spreads in the far distance; and finally, let the eye pass on "to lofty Harrow now, and now to where imperial Windsor lifts her haughty brow."

"— What goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns and spires,  
And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays."

We began, thinking we would not quote Thomson, for everybody quotes him when writing about Richmond: but we have fallen into the fashion in spite of ourselves; or, rather, we have used his words as others do, because it is natural to employ the best that we have at command, whether original or borrowed. And certainly the deep-toned but not over-colouring of Thomson's picture is incomparably better than any sketch of our own, in Indian ink or sepia; so we put his words in place of our own. Yet do just dwell, for a moment, on the little accessories of the view—that barge gliding along with graceful sail—that boat skimming about like a gay water-bird—that cottage roof, all weather-stained, peeping out from amongst the dense foliage of the woods below, and those curls of smoke, struggling amongst the leaves, producing manifold pictorial effects. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to spend part of his summers at Richmond; Gainsborough and Hofland often rambled about here; all painters since have studied the hill prospect, and a few have mastered it and mirrored it on their own canvass, but not many.

We like to visit objects, whether artistic or natural, at different seasons. The weather, the atmosphere, and the hour have much to do with scenery. We have often been at Richmond, and have stayed there for some weeks, but have never happened to be on the hill at such a time as the following description refers to, and therefore we insert it, with thanks to its author. "When, in the summer, stormy weather does occur, or as the rain is clearing off and the shadows from the heavy clouds that are driving wildly over the sky are rapidly chasing each other, or casting the larger part into magnificent masses of gloom, while bright gleams of sunshine lie in patches amid the shadows, and the wind is tossing that sea of foliage into huge billows; then indeed the scene,

parting with its ordinary tranquil loveliness, assumes a boldness and commanding grandeur of character such as belongs to it at no other time."

We have seen it in spring and autumn, yet here, in preference to any description of our own, we cannot forbear giving another extract from the same writer, who contributes to "The Land we Live In," and that in more senses than one. "It is viewed with more delight in that sweet season when the young leaves are timidly pressing forward on every spray, and the hill-sides are clothed in their freshest verdure, and the endless variety of tint has not yet sobered down into a uniform sombre green, and the multitude of leaves has not hidden the various objects that adorn the meadows and uplands; or later, when the sombre green has itself given way to a new and infinite profusion of golden hues, and over all is spread a glorious richness of colour, in comparison with which the splendour of even Titian's palette fades into poverty."

Scenery, famous houses, and old churches are what we are in quest of in this our humble river tour. We must, therefore, make our way to Richmond church, and an out-of-the-way place it is, hemmed in and hidden by buildings without one good access. The edifice has nothing architectural to recommend it; but there is something so retired and still about the little area in which it stands, that we never pass through it without pensive thoughts, to which the thickly-grouped tombs and gravestones minister solemn admonitions.

Within the church there is one memorial which attracts universal attention. "In the earth below this tablet," so it reads, "are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems, 'The Seasons,' 'The Castle of Indolence,' etc., who died at Richmond on the 27th of August, and was buried there on the 29th, o. s., 1748. The earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man and so sweet a poet should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment, for the satisfaction of his admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792." This common-place inscription will be perused with interest by every one who reads and loves the verses of this gifted bard; and surely they who read his poetry must love it. The ashes of genius enoble the spots where they slumber, and those places of their rest inspire, with sacred emotions, minds wont to trace intellectual endowments to their origin and to follow the spirit ennobled by original power to that other world for which the present only prepares. The infinite and eternal open upon us with affecting grandeur, through those gates of the grave, beyond which these great intellectual torch-bearers of humanity are now for ever gone. They see in a purer light than ever—perhaps in a light altogether different from what they had or used before. Thomson was nature's own poet. His favourite theme was nature. The race of the seasons, the successive aspects of the year—no one has given the true idea of them as he has done! We feel that we are his debtors for some of our purest intellectual pleasures, and we realize the debt and would express the obligation, as we gaze on the half-defaced plate of brass which records his fame.

We picture the outer man as the visible copy of the inner mental one. Thomson puzzles us, if the following account be true. "He was of a stature

above the middle size, and 'more fat than bard seems': of a dull countenance and a gross unanimated, uninviting appearance." We are afraid that, after all, the pictures which fancy paints of the form and face of those departed master-spirits whom we reverence, and those departed brother-spirits whom we love, are not unfrequently erroneous; yet we shall cherish our ideals of them while we can, delusive though they be. But we are compelled now to think of the Bard of the Seasons as corpulent, and rather heavy in gait and aspect, silent too in mixed company, a taciturn man, little given to talk, but "cheerful among select friends," and by them "tenderly and warmly loved."

So, carrying Thomson's true picture in our mind, we go in quest of the house where he lived, and find it in Kew Lane, now part of the residence of the countess of Shaftesbury. There is the parlour in which he lived, with the old furniture that he used. And there is the garden in which he was wont to saunter and bask in the sun, "slipped, and with hands each in a waistcoat-pocket;" and where he was "seen one morn eating a wondering peach from off the tree." And there is the summer-house which he made his study, and which bears the inscription: "Here Thomson sung the Seasons and their change." Poor Savage used to come and see him there; and there, too, Collins loved to walk and talk with his gifted friend, with how much of tender friendship his ode on the Bard's death well shows.

Richmond is a place of antiquarian interest, not from its remains, but from its history. A fragment, however, exists, which tells of other times, and which we must visit; nor shall we be unwilling to make it the occasion of a brief ramble amidst the shadows of past days and things. We have reached the west side of Richmond Green, and here we find a plain old gateway, with an escutcheon of Henry VII over the arch, and adjoining it a quaint-looking house of red brick, and next to that an octagonal tower. These are scanty relics of the famous regal palace, which witnessed many memorable scenes, and whose story is interwoven with our national annals.

Standing by this gateway, a succession of dissolving views come before us, beginning with what is least remote and most distinct, and ending in pictures of the distant past, faint and pale. First, we have the sight of a large pile of buildings in the reign of James II, dilapidated, neglected, crumbling away, with some apartments, however, occupied, sufficient for the nursing of the unhappy young prince whom we all know as the Pretender. The scene shifts, and then we see Richmond palace some few years earlier, less dismantled, forming part of the possession of queen Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I; albeit a process of stripping away the adornments of the edifice is going on, for "several boats laden with rich and curious effigies" are making their way from the banks of the river, hard by the palace, to take the spoil to Whitehall. Now comes another view, supplied by reports of parliamentary commissioners, in 1649, and by Hollars' engraving. A stately structure is seen by the water-side, with numerous towers and turrets, battlements and cupolas, and spires and chimneys—a perfect medley of forms, abundantly repeating the architectural idea of aspiration,

and looking like a large collection of old-fashioned cruet and pepper-boxes. There are numerous windows, great and small; and, to the east of the palace, there is a fair garden, with long walls, not far from the water's edge.

King Charles I is here on the 26th of August, 1647, with the prince Elector Palatine, and they, with the duke of York and the lords, hunt in the new park, where they kill a stag and a buck, and his majesty, we are told, is very cheerful, and afterwards goes to dine with his children at Sion House. A little earlier, and there is masking going on before the king and queen, by lord Buckhurst and Edward Sackville, and poor Charles is very busy forming a collection of pictures, of which he is peculiarly fond, for he is a man of much artistic taste. The plague rages in 1603, and hither come the judges and lawyers of the courts of chancery and exchequer, to hold sittings and plead causes. The death-scene of Elizabeth takes place, too, on this spot. Here she lies, on the floor, supported by cushions, silent but restless, full of agitating thoughts about the past and future—a spectacle of magnificent misery in contrast with the serene departure of a soul full of faith and hope. Tradition tells us of another scene in the history of the maiden monarch, associated with what we have now noticed, and also connected with Richmond palace. In the chamber over the gateway she shakes the dying countess of Nottingham, and bitterly upbraids her for her treachery to Essex in the concealment of the famous token-ring. These pictures melt away, to show us the same high-spirited sovereign not very long before, keeping her court, surrounded by gallant nobles, dancing galliards, playing music, feeding her vanity, and rebuking Anthony bishop of St. David's for daring to say "that age had furrowed her face, and besprinkled her hair with its meal." In her youth, we see the fierce Eric IV, king of Sweden, coming to lodge at Richmond, when on his expedition as suitor for Elizabeth's hand. Within the walls she is kept a prisoner by her sister Mary.

Receding further, a view discloses itself of the gorgeous king-cardinal keeping house in the royal manor of Richmond, whereat the people marvel and murmur, saying, "So a butcher's dog doth lie in the manor of Richmond." Here he keeps open house for lords and ladies, with plays and disguisings in royal style, though the plague is raging in London, and Henry in consequence is gone to spend his Christmas privately at Eltham.

Then comes a view of the founding of the palace by Henry VII, and architects, masons, carpenters, and painters are seen busily at work, while barges bring a goodly store of material up the Thames for the rising edifice.

The appellation of Richmond is first given in commemoration of the king's earlier title as the earl of Richmond. Hitherto Sheen has been its name—in truth, a descriptive epithet—for *schön*, or beautiful, as the word imports, is the neighbourhood in which it stands. That old title given to the spot is a memorial of the admiration which our old Anglo-Saxon forefathers felt, as they wound along these river-banks or paddled on the water.

An older palace now comes in sight—a castle—a fortress grim and rude, only relaxing its terrible

expression a little, through architectural alterations which have softened its features. And now again we see on the green a grand tournament. Sir James Parker, in conflict with Hugh Vaughan for right of coat armour, is slain in the first encounter. But pageants and shows keep passing before us in these Tudor times with a bewildering splendor which it is useless to endeavour to describe. Henry v appears among the old gray towers in chivalric pride and array; behind him rises the shade of the second Richard; then that of Edward III, who is left here on his deathbed by his faithless courtiers, Alice Perrers only remaining to the last, and she doing it for the sake of the ring on his cold and stiffened finger. Dimly the form of his grandfather, the first of his name, comes out among the towers and walls of this feudal residence: dimmer still the shade of Henry I; and all beyond is indistinct, save that, in the far distant past, the hills are green and woody, the sky is blue, and the water clear and silvery.

So ends our series of dissolving views; and now, returning to our common method of description, we would observe that, at Richmond, Henry v founded a house for forty monks of the Carthusian order, called the priory. Here the notorious Perkin Warbeck found refuge; here the corpse of James IV of Scotland was brought for interment; here dean Colet built some lodgings, and then died in 1519; and here, too, cardinal Wolsey, after his fall, found refuge, and in the afternoon "would sit in contemplations with one or other of the most ancient fathers of that house in his cell," listening to homilies on the vain-glory of this world—a scene which would make a good picture.

The palace and priory, both gone, were the nucleus around which the village or town began long since to gather, and without which it now thrives and prospers as a place of large population, and which has also crowds of visitors. Hither come the people of this and other lands, swarming along railway or river, through the marvellous locomotive power of the same agency; and here, assuredly, they may find, in the scenes of nature and the recollections of history, not a little to improve the taste, elevate the mind, and affect the heart.

The large hotels of the Castle, and the Star and Garter, present powerful attractions, and from the back windows and spacious garden of the latter, now of European fame, you have a view of the glorious expanse of wood and water which we attempted to indicate at the commencement of this sketch. The long, long row of carriages to be seen on a fine summer day, closely locked together in front of this mansion-like house of entertainment, show its own popularity, and evince the power of those charms of scenery which draw together so many strangers. The spot is associated with the remembrance of pleasant festivities and youthful holidays, and, in many cases, with the memory of that auspicious morning in human life when a happy union, after being sanctified by the holy rites of religion, has been further celebrated by the gathering of friends and the offering of sincere congratulations to the happy pair. Married life cannot be all the way through just like the wedding breakfast at the Star and Garter, but we doubt not that often the key-note struck there has

been followed by a prolonged concert of affections and sympathies, softer and sweeter than any music. There are associations here of other festive gatherings, such as dinners for city companies, and, if the circumstance may be mentioned in the same sentence, dinners for the ministers of state; but all this leads to thoughts of politics, municipal and national, to which, in a ramble like ours, we greatly prefer thoughts of congenial matches and comfortable homes. Moreover, something decidedly historical has lately connected itself with the Star and Garter; for here Louis Philippe took up his abode, during a portion of his exile, to revolve, on the verge of the infinite future, the history of his chequered life—finding the magnificence of Versailles, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and the Tuileries, which he called his own, suddenly exchanged for the limited accommodation of a country inn.

But we must end our gossip, and return to the river, where our boat lies tempting us to take a row up and down the calm sunny waters, bordered by such rich sylvan scenes, the whole enlivened by gay crowded barks passing to and fro. Among them comes a stately city barge, very suggestive of lord mayor's processions on the Thames; indeed, so brilliant with gold and paint, and the scarlet coats of the rowers, wearing their broad silver badges, that we could fancy ourselves meeting the Venetian Bucentoro. We dare say the large party on board are bound for the Star and Garter, where we hope they will if merry be also wise, while we are drinking in the freshness, health, and beauty which seem to float all round us here over river, earth, and sky.

#### MY ENCOUNTER WITH A BUFFALO.

MINE has been an adventurous life. Thrice have I been shipwrecked, twice shot at, while once, by the accidental discharge of my own gun, the ball carried away the peak of my cap. I have had ugly encounters with snakes, have been upset both from horses and gigs; while on one occasion, when at sea, I fell out of a cabin window and was nearly drowned; besides many other hairbreadth escapes, to relate all of which would occupy too much space. But I mean now to speak of one adventure which occurred in 1840; one to which I can seldom recur without laughing and shuddering alternately. I laugh to think of the ridiculous figure I must have cut in the eyes of idle spectators; I shudder to remember that my life was so nearly forfeited by my temerity.

I was then a lad of barely fifteen years of age, and the circumstances were as follows.

I was stationed for a few months at Penang, that delightful little Eden in the Straits of Malacca, where the climate is the finest in the whole Eastern Archipelago, the people the most hospitable and friendly, the fruits the most delicious, the flowers the most fragrant, and the birds the best warblers in the East. One day, a lawyer of the name of C—, who lived in the main street of Penang—the only street without a turning in the island, and which runs parallel with the harbour—had invited a few friends, chiefly officers of the native infantry corps stationed on the Island, to partake of a quiet dinner at his house. Amongst the



favoured few my name was included; accordingly, at the appointed hour, we assembled at the lawyer's table. In most parts of India, as well as in the Straits, it is usual for young men at a bachelors' party to be *sans façon*. The heat is so intense, sometimes, that even the thin white cambric jackets are felt an inconvenience, and are accordingly doffed. This was precisely the case with us on the present occasion. Well, the dinner passed off, and the dessert came on. We sat waiting for the hour to arrive when the coolness of the evening would permit of our mounting our ponies, and taking a canter in the environs of George Town. The streets are at all times quiet in Penang, but more especially so between the hours of three and five o'clock, when people for the most part are enjoying a siesta.

On this occasion, however, while still seated at the table, we were suddenly startled by the very unusual sounds of firearms, and the distant hootings of a multitude. What could it be? We listened attentively; there was no mistake about the matter at all, the authors of the alarm, whoever they might be, were evidently nearing us, and that at a rapid rate. The firing was all the time kept up smartly, not in volleys, but it resembled the firing of the light infantry platoon. What could it be? was the question again repeated. At length we unanimously came to the conclusion that it must be an *émeute*, commenced most probably by the Malays and the Achenese, who were seeking some blood-thirsty revenge, and would doubtless, as we feared, massacre every one that crossed their path. At this moment a tremendous shout was raised at the top of the street in which the lawyer's house stood, accompanied by a more rapid firing than ever, while we could distinctly hear the bullets whizzing along the street. There was now no longer any doubt on our minds, and each one, seizing his hat or cap, made a rush down-stairs with the intention of retreating to the seaside; there, if possible, to secure a boat; or, if not, to swim off to the shipping for refuge. Many instances had lately occurred of vindictive Malays running amuck; that is to say, after having committed a murder, rendered callous by the certainty of death, and urged on by a thirst for blood, they arm themselves with a kreose, and rush up and down the streets, wounding every one who comes in their way, until they are either shot or arrested. Besides this, a month had barely elapsed since some Malay convicts, transported to Ceylon, had risen against the crew and massacred them in the most barbarous manner. With these facts in our memory, no wonder that we were alarmed, as we too well knew that we had but little mercy to expect at their hands; while, from the circumstance of their having arrived at this point of the island, it was evident that they must have traversed the military quarters, and consequently that they had in all probability massacred every European and native soldier. There was yet the little fort with the European artillery, and the shipping in the roads, which, provided our supposition was correct, afforded the only chances of escape. We had every hope of reaching shelter, however, as the assailants were approaching from a contrary direction. Down we rushed, therefore, half-a-dozen steps at a time; the passage and then the door were speedily cleared,

and we found ourselves in the open street. A momentary gaze in the direction of the crowd confirmed our previous suspicion, and balls came whizzing by in most unpleasant proximity to our persons.

At the instant I was about to turn, and take to my heels for the sea, I witnessed a most extraordinary phenomenon. A fat old Chinaman, who to all appearance was flying like ourselves from the vengeance of the marauders, suddenly took a most astonishing leap into the air, and disappeared over the wall of a neighbouring court-yard. Before I had time to conjecture how this sudden display of agility was effected, I had sufficient motives to put my own to the test; for, not two yards in front of me, and evidently having singled me out as a capital target, there came tearing down at full speed a huge mad buffalo, equal in height and strength of limb to any bison I had ever met with in the Wynard Jungle. There was the fire of anger and madness in his eye, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. I could almost feel the heat of his hard breathing as I turned precipitately with terror and fled for my life. If ever fear lent wings to human feet, mine must have been decorated with as many as ever gave speed to a Mercury. I dared not look behind, but still I heard and felt the infuriated thing, and every instant expected to feel his sharp-pointed horns piercing my back and lungs. From my friend's house it was barely three hundred yards to the jetty; but then I had to turn to my right, and so doing the buffalo would most indubitably have doubled upon and caught me in the very act of turning. This I saw at a moment's glance, and consequently there was nothing left for me but to make straight for the fort, which was not more than four hundred yards from the jetty. Immediately before me was a species of railing, which fenced off an exercise ground for the artillery, and was of sufficient height to prevent donkeys and cows from leaping over. This fence was made of posts planted into the ground at regular distances, through which a stout rope was passed. Had I not been so hotly pressed, I could easily have stooped under the rope and so have escaped; but that was now out of the question: my life depended upon the jump, and no *acrobat* in the streets of London ever more astonished the multitude than I did myself on this occasion, by the tremendous spring I took. I alighted safely on the other side, but, without pausing a moment, renewed my flight towards the sentry at the fort-gate, who, seeing my danger, was rushing forward to meet me.

All this time, it must be remembered, the people never ceased firing at the infuriated animal, who was snorting and roaring under the pain of not less than twenty bullet-wounds, as I afterwards discovered. How I escaped being shot myself, or at least wounded, is even more wonderful than my outstripping the buffalo in swiftness. The same Almighty protecting Hand that had been so often before, and has been so often since, stretched out to defend me, shielded me on that occasion in so marked a manner from harm. Still I ran on, till at last I missed the sound of the pursuer, and, glancing hastily over my shoulder, had the unspeakable satisfaction of beholding the buffalo charging at an empty carriage which was standing

near the jetty points, and whose pannels he smashed in such a manner as made my heart tremble, when I thought what my ribs would have suffered from his horns. It would seem that the buffalo most valiantly made the leap, determined to have a push at me at any rate; but his strength was too much exhausted from loss of blood, and this, in addition to his own weighty bulk, disabled him from clearing the barrier, so that he fell backwards only to rise again with freshly maddened fury, and charge in an opposite direction.

There were at this time several ladies and children collected at the jetty—the usual rendezvous of an evening; and it may be readily conceived with what a thrill of terror they beheld this exploit, and how, with screams and trembling, they rushed into boats and got rowed out into the bay; after this the buffalo changed his course, and charged, as I have said, the palanquin-carriage. The concourse had now hemmed the maddened brute completely in; wherever he made a charge, he was rebuffed at the point of the bayonet, or received another ball into his perforated body. At last, as a final and desperate resource, and determined not to give in to his numberless tormentors, the noble but infuriated animal plunged into the sea, and struck out for the opposite shore of Province Wellesley. Here he was followed by boats and quickly despatched; and when they towed the carcass on shore again, it was marvellous to see what tenacity the brute had displayed, with bullets lodged in parts which in other animals would have been fatal. Of course, my friends were delighted to shake hands with me again, and to compliment me on the prodigy of valour and presence of mind which I displayed in running away from a rabid animal; and of course, also, my scamper with the buffalo became a matter of a nine days' wonder, and the theme of many jokes—so closely does the serious sometimes border on the ludicrous—among the small but hospitable and sociable community of Perang. I was struck, on reflection afterwards, with the sudden manner in which the danger had arisen. Human affairs, indeed, I have noticed in my passage through life, are so ordered, that in the most unexpected moments perils arise; a constitution of nature, which seems intended to teach us how habitually we depend for protection upon providential aid.

#### CRITICAL DAYS IN THE HISTORIES OF NATIONS.

UNDER this title an ingenious paper appeared some short time ago, in the "Stuttgard Morgen-blatt," which calls itself a "journal for the cultivated reader." The object of the paper, which we here translate, is to collect, and group according to their characters, the dates of great national crises and events. Considerable pains evidently have been taken by the writer to bring the materials together. He does not theorize upon them, but merely gathers and allocates his facts, and leaves to his readers to judge for themselves whether there be, or not, anything beyond natural causes concerned in the production of the coincidences.

The first half of the year, and more especially its winter months, appear to have a fatal significance for the persons of princes and rulers. One finds

in this period more anniversaries of executions and assassinations than in all the rest of the year. On the 21st January, 1793, Louis XVI was executed; on the 30th January, 1649, Charles I, king of England, lost his head; on the 8th February, 1587, Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, and on the 13th February, 1542, Catherine Howard, consort of Henry VIII, king of England, were beheaded. On the 13th February, 1820, the Duc de Berry was murdered; on the 25th February, 1634, the duke of Friedland, and on the 15th March, 44 B.C., Julius Cæsar, were also assassinated. On the 20th March, 1804, the Duc d'Enghien was shot. On the 23rd March, 1801, the emperor Paul of Russia fell by the hand of an assassin, as did also Gustavus III, king of Sweden, on the 29th March, 1792; the emperor Albrecht, on the 1st May, 1308; and Henry IV of France on the 14th May, 1610. These events diminish in a descending ratio from the month of March, and in later months they occur but very seldom and in single instances. On the other hand, about the end of February and at the commencement of the milder season of the year, anniversaries of revolutions begin to multiply. The most modern convulsions began in the spring, or received at least their first impulses in this period of the year. The first French revolution commenced in April, 1789. What took place in the subsequent months of the year '89 was but the opening of the bud, which had been visible as early as March and April. On the 21st March, 1814, the brisk revolution was finished which drove out the Bourbons without an appeal to arms, and restored the throne to Napoleon; on the 26th February, 1848, the revolution triumphed which drove away the second branch of the Bourbons, and for the third time reinstated a Bonaparte in power. The half-revolution which elevated the temporizing government of Louis Philippe of Orleans into sovereignty was the only one which broke out in the height of summer.

The first German revolution, after more than a hundred years' slumber of the nation, was witnessed by the loveliest spring-sun in the last days of the month of March, at the opening of the parliament in St. Paul's church at Frankfort. Similar commotions of the German nation took place still earlier in this season of the year. The insurrection in Bohemia, which was the commencement of the thirty-years' war, happened on the 23rd May, 1614. The Imperial Diet at Worms, which gave stability to the reformation, was held on the 17th April, 1521.

Italy, also, must look for the anniversaries of her revolutions to the spring of the year. The Sicilian Vespers of the 30th March, 1282, the insurrections in Piedmont and Naples, in the year 1821, and the latest Italian commotions—all broke out in this period. The repeated revolutions which Spain fought out, in the years between 1808 and 1830, began likewise in the first half of the year. The Greek revolution broke out on the 25th March, 1821. The first Polish revolution, it is true, began towards the end of the year 1830, but it gained its importance in the bloody fightings of the succeeding spring. A second revolution was also attempted at Cracow, on the 26th April, 1847. The open revolt of the North American colonies from Great Britain began with the contest of the

insurgents with the English troops at Lexington, on the 19th April, 1775.

With the month of May the number of revolution-anniversaries diminishes; but, as a set-off against this, battle-days begin to increase. The most significant time for battles is the latter half of June. On the 14th June, 1800, the bloody and decisive battle of Marengo was fought, which established the ascendancy of France, and completely consolidated the power of Bonaparte. On the 14th June, 1807, the battle at Friedland took place, which displayed the lofty pitch of Napoleon's generalship. On the 14th June, 1815, commenced the series of engagements which issued in the complete ruin of this great general. Here it is especially worthy of remark, that the three decisive instances coincide to the very day, and occur at nearly equal intervals.

The period from the 12th July to the 6th August is again more distinguished by the inner agitations and public deeds of nations. On the 12th July, 1806, the Rhenish Confederation, and with it the limit of the German territory, was ratified. On the same day, in 1848, the archduke John solemnly accepted the office which had been conferred upon him in the national assembly, and the last session of the German Diet commenced. On the 14th July, 1789, the Bastille was stormed in Paris. On the 23rd July, 1532, the first treaty for religious liberty in Germany was concluded. On the 27th July, 1794, the reign of terror under Robespierre was overthrown. On the same day, in 1830, the contest began in Paris which resulted in the banishment of Charles x.

Particularly significant comes forward the 6th August. On this day, in the year 1043, the treaty of Verdun was concluded, and the independence of Germany was established. On the same day, in 1804, the last German emperor laid down his crown; on this day also, in 1848, allegiance was paid to the regent of the Empire and Austria's victorious army entered Milan.

When the hottest season of the year is past, battle-days begin again to multiply; these, however, for the most part, crowd themselves into the latter half of October. This is the most abundant harvest-time for war, as immediately before the winter the movements of a fighting army become difficult. On the 14th October, 1066, the great victory of William the Conqueror was achieved, near Hastings, which decided the fate of England for ages. On the 14th October, 1756, the Saxon army of king Frederick II was forced to capitulate. On the same day, two years later, the same king was surprised and beaten by the Austrians at Hoch Kirch. On the same day, 48 years afterwards, the Prussian army was completely routed by Napoleon. On the 17th October, 1799, Napoleon returned from Egypt to Paris, to enter on his new career of victories. On the same day, 13 years later, in 1814, Napoleon set out on his fatal retreat from Moscow. On the same day, in 1805, the Austrian army laid down its arms at Ulm. On the 18th October, the great national conflict at Leipsic annihilated the power of France in Germany. On the 20th October, 1827, was fought the battle of Navarino, which destroyed the Turkish fleet; and on the 21st October, 1805, was the battle of Trafalgar, in which the English com-

pletely routed and destroyed the combined Spanish and French fleet. Did not these examples suffice, we might easily select other anniversaries from this month, showing that warlike powers eagerly made use of this season of the year as favourable for fighting.

With the arrival of November battles seem to become less frequent. On the other hand, this month has a significant celebrity from events in which nations have been frustrated in their attempts to gain freedom, and their leaders have perished in the conflict. On the 1st November, 1814, the Vienna Congress was opened, in which the German representatives undid again all that their generals had effected in the battle-field. On the same day, in 1837, the constitution of Hanover, which had been granted in 1833, by patent, was annulled, and a beginning was made of a fresh constitution.

The most significant days, however, are from the 7th to the 10th November. On the 7th November, 1823, Riego was executed in Madrid; and in that event every hope of freedom completely vanished for that year. On the 9th November, 1848, Robert Blum was shot in Vienna, and the minister Brandenburg appeared in the Prussian national assembly with the intention, first of proroguing, and subsequently of dissolving it. The 9th November is, also, the anniversary of the memorable 18th Brumaire, when general Bonaparte plucked off the last flowers of a freedom won with such costly sacrifices, and by means of a dictatorship made his way up to an imperial throne. On the 2nd December, it will be remembered that his nephew made his celebrated *coup d'état*. Thus we find, in the last months of the year, anniversaries of the overthrow of that liberty which in the spring, amid great hopes and efforts, was often won through torrents of blood.

#### THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

GIVE yourselves to prayer; be not ashamed of the exercise. Ashamed! Were an archangel to become incarnate, he would account it not only his bounden duty, but his highest honour, to pray. Conceal not, attempt not to conceal, the fact—that you pray. It may be desirable, and is, in order to prevent distraction, to be quite alone; but if this cannot be, neglect not to bend your knee before your companions. You know not the influence such an act may have upon others. If the present lecturer has a right to consider himself a real Christian—if he has been of any service to his fellow-creatures, and has attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ, he owes it in the way of means and instrumentality to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene, so unostentatious and yet so unconcealed, roused my slumbering conscience, sent an arrow to my heart; for though I had been religiously educated, I had restrained prayer, and cast off the fear of God; my conversion to God followed, and soon afterwards my entrance upon college studies for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, with all its multitudinous events; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendour of heaven and through the ages of eternity.—*Rev. J. A. James's Lecture to Young Men.*

## Varieties.

**AN ANECDOTE WITH A LESSON.**—Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work, that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, splattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of colouring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him. Just so, we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backwards, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty, in mercy, dashes out the beautiful images, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of his dealings, into his outstretched arms of compassion and love.

**RECOVERY FROM SCEPTICISM.**—Dr. Ashbel Green, of Philadelphia, has recorded, in his account of his early life, that when a young man, he fell under irreligious influences among officers of the army, and at length became a sceptic. But his mind was not at rest. He read the leading works on the evidences of Christianity, and found that he could not withstand the argument, but even his intellect seemed to need something further. He says:—"To the Bible itself I determined to make a final appeal. My Christian education had already rendered me in a degree familiar with a large portion of its contents; but on this I resolved to place no dependence. I took up the New Testament as if I had never opened it before; and with the single object of looking out for the signatures of Divinely-inspired truth; and I prayed, as well as half an infidel could pray, that God, in whose existence and attributes I believed, would help me to form a just opinion of the truth or fallacy of that book. Proceeding in this way, I had not gone through the four Evangelists when all my scepticism left me, and to this hour it has never returned. My mind, indeed, has sometimes been harassed with almost every species of infidel, and even atheistic, suggestions; but I have, at the very time of their occurrence, been thoroughly convinced that they were false and groundless." It would be well if those troubled with sceptical doubts were to treat them in the manner that was done in this instance. The word of God, if honestly studied, with prayer for enlightenment, is its own best witness.

**LEARN TO FORGIVE.**—The Jews sometimes display lofty principles, which show that the Divine light still lingers among them, although frequently concealed by the old incrustations of Rabbinical institutions. "In my own family," says a writer, "an interesting and characteristic incident occurred. My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday. As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the sabbath day. 'Come, dear Joseph,' she exclaimed, 'the night is approaching; come and light the sabbath lamp!' But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His good wife spoke again in anxiety: 'See, the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord, and our sabbath lamp is not yet lighted.' Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few

moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, dear Rebecca,' he exclaimed, 'now I am ready.' He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding: 'I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother Isaac.' 'But how did you manage to do it so soon?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'Isaac had been as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the sabbath either, without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street; he was coming to me, and I was going to him; and we ran into each other's arms, and wept.'

Might not we end this anecdote with those simple words of Jesus, "Go, and do likewise?"

**LET US DO GOOD WHILE WE HAVE OPPORTUNITY.**—If a peach-stone is planted in the ground, in any part of Australia where some supply of moisture is obtained, there will be a tree laden with fruit in three or four years, without any kind of culture. Bushrangers have thus planted the stones; birds have dropped them; and removed, in some measure, the reproach of barrenness from the wild land. In grateful remembrance of the refreshment thus met with in his wanderings, and for the benefit of future travellers, and also the aborigines, the unwearied explorer, Allan Cunningham, always carried about with him, in his expeditions, a bag of peach-stones, which he carefully planted in the sterile wilderness. "I was much struck with this circumstance," justly remarks a relator of it, "and while I could not help commending, from my very heart, the pure and disinterested benevolence it evinced, I could not help inwardly regarding it as a lesson for myself in the future, and a reproof for the past. Alas! how many spots have we all passed unheeded in the wilderness of life, in which we might easily have sown good seed if we had so chosen, and left it to the blessing of God, the dew of heaven, and the native energies of the soil! Such spots we may never revisit; and the opportunity of doing good, which was thus afforded us, but which was suffered to pass unimproved, will consequently never return."

**WITH HANDS AND FEET.**—The last days of Andreue, the eminent and pious chancellor of Tübingen in the sixteenth century, were occupied in writing a book to expose the pernicious doctrines and maxims of the Jesuits. It is in the form of a dialogue. He seemed while writing it to be under a strange and inexpressible pressure of spirit. He told his friends that his thoughts came so rapidly, he wanted to write with hands and feet at once to put them down. Some one, he said, seemed to stand by his side, and urge him forward, saying, *Press on, make haste!* He completed the work in a fortnight, and the same day on which he finished it was taken ill with the sickness of which he died a few days afterwards. Does not some one stand by your side and mine continually, saying, *Press on, make haste!* "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

**LINES** written by the Rev. John Berridge, and pasted on his study clock:—

"Here my master bids me stand  
And tell the time with either hand:  
What is his will, is my delight,  
To tell the hours by day or night;  
Master, be wise, and learn of me  
To serve thy God as I serve thee."

**A WELL-KNOWN EPIGRAM.**—The family motto on Dr. Doddridge's coat of arms was, *Dum vivimus, vivamus*, the literal translation of which is, "While we live, let us live." The direction thus given was beautifully verified by the doctor in the following lines:—

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,  
'And seize the pleasures of the present day;  
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,  
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'  
Lord, in my view let both united be,  
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."